



Rheumatism For Young and Old

The acute agonizing pain of rheumatism is soothed at once by Sloan's Liniment...

RHEUMATISM

Here What Others Say: "I highly recommend your Liniment as the best remedy for rheumatism I ever used..."

Here's Proof: "I wish to write and tell you about a fall I had down fourteen steps, and bruised my neck and hip very bad..."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

for neuralgia, sciatica, sprains and bruises.

All Druggists, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc.

Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

He Knew.

The teacher was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches. She spoke of their beef all coming from the West...

"And what else comes to use from these ranches?"

That was a poser. She looked at her shoes, but no one took the hint. She tried again:

"What do we get from the cattle besides beef?"

One boy eagerly raised his hand.

"I know what it is. It's tripe!" he announced.—Youth's Companion.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray...

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy."

"Allies."

Should we say "allies" with a stress upon the first syllable or on the second? Of course, the second is in either case long, but what about the stress? To put it on the first syllable is to make one of the few good English spondee we have...

FOLISHNESS.

Some chains can be broken with thought, others with a sledge hammer.

All Loss and No Gain.

From the Saturday Evening Post. A battle has become a new thing. In all previous experience the cases where an army fought hard for more than a fortnight in any year are comparatively rare...

Stop That Backache

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story.

Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness.

Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

An Iowa Case

Mrs. L. A. Games, 1106 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa, says: "A severe attack of typhoid fever left my kidneys weak and my back ached terribly. My sight often blurred and when I stooped, I got very dizzy. I was nervous, and ran down Doan's Kidney Pills have fixed me up in good shape, never falling to give me results which I have used them."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOW TO FEED 250 BELGIAN BABIES

The World's Work for January. Dr. Wiley has supplied for the guidance of American givers an ideal package of food supplies for infants, and one for convalescents...

RESUME OF IMPORTANT NEWS EVENTS OF WEEK

The outstanding feature of the European war this week is the terrific blow dealt the Turkish army by the Russians operating in the trans-Caucasian country...

alien employment law was unconstitutional. The law required employers not to employ more than 20 per cent of foreign born workmen.

The United States Senate this week began consideration of the bill authorizing the federal government to purchase and operate mercantile vessels.

General Villa, the popular idol of the Mexican people, and the hitherto invincible commander of the Mexican army, Thursday sustained the first real defeat of his meteoric career.

The United States has received a conciliatory reply from Great Britain concerning the searching of American ships for contraband of war.

Politicians are beginning to discuss possible candidates for the 1916 presidential race. In the democratic party the names of President Wilson and Speaker Champ Clark are most frequently mentioned.

All of the federal troops have been withdrawn from Colorado, where they were sent to keep peace in the mine zone during the recent strike.

A sensational advance in the price of wheat has occurred within the past six days. Wheat has advanced about 10 cents per bushel...

THE ACCESSORIES OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

usually bought already prepared. To make them, first shell them, and then pour bubbling, boiling water on them.

For the salad course, the cheese should be instantly prepared. A little cream, seasoned with salt and molded into balls, into each of which two halves of walnuts are pressed.

For the shorn head, the shorn head of her daughter, in her apron she saw the brown beautiful hair.

The mother looked at the shorn head of her daughter, in her apron she saw the brown beautiful hair. She raised her hands aloft and wailed.

"Ever and always you used to be too venturesome," she said. "It is the women of the Shee who have put that mockery upon you. Well you know they dislike those who go against their wishes."

But Seamus, her brother, spoke in from the open door, saying: "It is not gentle hands, mother, that saw her face, and Marie Shaun saw a living woman bend over Ally where she sat sleeping in the meadow, but I had no knowledge of what she was at until now."

"Who was she?" cried the women together. "That I couldn't say. She was too far off for to tell that," he answered them.

In his mind he said, "It's no good thing a whistling woman would ever be at, the way she looks."

It was many a day after that before Ally crossed her mother's threshold. Often the garrulous woman would bring news of Connor Maguire from the village.

It would be, one day: "Connor is a mean fellow and unmanly. It is but this minute I saw him come up the Long Road with Shaun Kelly's daughter, and it's two hours, if it is a minute, since I saw her slip across Nellan's field to meet him."

Or another: "They say he can't eat nor sleep since he saw her face, and Marie Shaun made a mock of you today for being cast aside for the Whistler."

"Ah, mother, don't speak of him or her; my heart is too sore," the girl would say.

And no more would be said until next day. Then there would be a new story. Morning, noon or night that Mairgreed Kelly would be going or coming through the village, it is either laughing or whistling she'd be; often whistling. At what

sound the women would cross themselves and murmur one to another: "A whistling woman or a crowing hen. There's never luck in the place they're in."

But the young men, one and all, would rise from the meal or the work, and by way of no harm stroll out on the high road to get a smile or a nod from Shaun Kelly's daughter.

One Sunday evening, when the sun was red in the west, Ally Meara said to her mother: "There's something strange over me tonight, and it's weak and low I am."

Her mother said to her: "It's from being inside always now, you're taken that way. Put a shawl over your head and walk down the Long Road a bit. There's not a soul to be seen."

Ally put the shawl on her head and went out. She wandered on aimlessly a little distance from the house, and her step was slow, for the strength was leaving her day by day.

Suddenly footsteps sounded near, and voices. She drew the shawl closer about her face and stood under the bushes by the roadside.

It was Connor Maguire and Mairgreed Kelly. "Caut' is to be married soon," said the man, "and why not you and me soon after?"

A murmur of laughter was the answer. "There was scorn in that laughter. 'You don't love me,'" said Connor, "and yet it's you I think more of than my own soul."

"I never asked you to think of me," laughed the woman. "Besides it's not you nor your like that would suit me for a husband, and these's one waiting for me back in the west this many a day."

"You drew the heart of me," said Connor, "and one of us will die before he'll get you, even if the waiting one was the Great Dhoul himself."

The silver light grew in the woman's eyes, and, opening her scarlet lips, she began to whistle softly. The heart in the man melted—tears flowed from his eyes. "Ah, God forgive me! God forgive me!" he muttered.

THE WHISTLING WIDOW BY ANGUS DAL.

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It was from the fair of Knocknacy that Connor Maguire was coming the first time he laid eyes on Mairgreed Kelly.

He sat down without a word, and his gaze wandered and fixed itself on the open door, where his mother and the stranger girl stood talking.

Above the low voice of the old woman the siren's sweet tones broke melodiously upon his ear.

"Who is she?" he asked of Caut' at last. "She is Shaun Kelly's daughter—the man from the west who is newly come to dwell yonder," she answered him, pointing through the window to the little white house among the trees in the hollow.

"I saw the man and his wife yesterday," Connor said, "but the girl never until now."

Caut' made no answer, but in her heart she thought, "It is too soon you have seen her."

After a while the girl went away, and the old woman came in, saying: "Shaun Kelly's daughter came over to know if it is tomorrow we'd be hay-making. Her father sent her. She is a pleasant-spoken girl."

"Not more pleasant spoken than Ally Meara, mother," said Caut'. Connor flushed red at her words, and, leaving the kitchen, went to his bed and slept. All night long he dreamed of Shaun Kelly's daughter.

Next day the Maguires began the hay-making, and Mairgreed Kelly and her father came to help, and also came Ally Meara and her brother Seamus, and a few boys and girls of the place.

Once Connor went to where Ally Meara stood among the yellow hay in the angle of the meadow. None saw them but one woman when he kissed her lips. Her dark eyes shone happily.

"I thought it was forgetting me you were," she said to him. "I could not forget you," he answered, and again he kissed her.

Far away across the meadow came a rippling stream of melody, faint and low at first, then a torrent of silver sound.

They turned and looked. It was Mairgreed Kelly, leaning on her hay fork and looking at them. From her red lips came the silvery music, and, as she looked and whistled, Connor turned slowly from Ally Meara and walked to where the strange

girl stood. When there lay but a yard's distance between them, she looked deep in his eyes, and her laughter rang out.

"Is it mocking me you are?" he said to her, in shame and anger. "But she laughed out, and turned her back upon him."

It was in that part of the field most of the young men would wish to be working that day.

In the far end of the meadow Ally Meara sat all alone and wept. Tired from weeping, and weary from the heat, she fell asleep at last, and her long brown locks fell about her like a cloud. She slept on until twilight, and no one missed her.

At last she awoke, cold and shivering, and beside her upon the ground lay her brown locks in a heap.

"Ah, Holy Mother, help me!" she wailed. "It was an eerie thing for me to sleep under the air like that. Now I am punished."

She gathered the shining brown mass into her apron, and slipped home in the gray light.

The mother looked at the shorn head of her daughter, in her apron she saw the brown beautiful hair. She raised her hands aloft and wailed.

"Ever and always you used to be too venturesome," she said. "It is the women of the Shee who have put that mockery upon you. Well you know they dislike those who go against their wishes."

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A moan broke on his ear close by. He turned to see whence it came, and as he did so Margaret Kelly sped away.

A yard or two away from him something

lifted bodily out of the Panama canal by the two massive dredges which were built to cope with the Cucaracha slide in the Culebra cut, says Popular Mechanics. In many instances rocks of tremendous weight were handled by the steel-armed engine almost as if they were pebbles.

Recently one of these bowlders, weighing 40 tons, was lifted out of the water and swung to one side free of the channel in one load. The bucket which held it has a capacity of 15 cubic yards or approximately 12 wagonloads.

His Whereabouts. A minister who recently called upon a young widow to condole with her on the loss of her husband placed considerable emphasis upon the fact that the separation was only of a temporary character, and painted in vivid colors the happiness of friends reunited after death. When he stopped for breath the sorrowing one heaved a deep sigh, and quietly remarked: "Well, I suppose his first wife has got him again, then."

A POTATO KING "If I were a farmer boy, or a boy without capital, and wanted an early competency, I'd start right out growing Potatoes," said Henry Schroeder, the Potato King of the Red River Valley, whose story in the John A. Salzer Seed Co.'s Catalogue reads stranger than a romance. That advice of Mr. Schroeder's, the self-made potato king, comes from a warm heart, a level head, an active hand, and above all, a successful Potato-grower!

Do You Know, Mr. Farmer, there is more money in five acres of Potatoes year in and year out than in anything you can grow on your farm, and the growing of Potatoes now, with present machinery, etc., is easy. It's regular Fourth of July fun! Salzer's Creations in Seed Corn put Wisconsin on the Corn Map with its astonishing yields! Headquarters for Oats, Barley, Clovers.

For 10c in Postage We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Cereal Wonder"; Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats, "The Prize Winner"; Billion Dollar Grass; Teosinte, the Silo Filler, etc., etc.

Or Send 12c And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Or send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 96, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their Catalog.

The Way of It. "Why are you so angry, my dear, about such a trifle as my waxing my mustache?" "It isn't a trifle; a waxed mustache is a cereous matter." Obvious. "I suppose you have heard of the Fool Killer?" "Yes, but I've never met him." "That is quite obvious."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fitcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria. Occasionally a man laughs at a joke on himself, but he never really means it. Experience comes high. Still, the automobile factories are busy.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Remarkable Dredges.

Bowlders of great size were recently lifted bodily out of the Panama canal by the two massive dredges which were built to cope with the Cucaracha slide in the Culebra cut, says Popular Mechanics. In many instances rocks of tremendous weight were handled by the steel-armed engine almost as if they were pebbles.

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